

## Like Me? by henclair

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**Genre:** Bisexuality, Coming Out, Dustin is soft for Lucas and Mike is soft for Will, Everyone Is Gay, M/M

**Language:** English

**Characters:** Dustin Henderson, Eleven (Stranger Things), Lucas Sinclair, Mike Wheeler, The last 3 r only mentioned, Will Byers

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**Summary:**

“You know,” Mike started, looking down at the ground, “I was just pushing because I thought you might be like me.”

“Like me, someone who likes boys as well as girls.” Mike frowned a bit, before adding. “Or just someone who likes boys.”

## Like Me?

“You so like him.” Mike said, smiling hugely at his friend, who was adjusting his cap on his curls. Dustin scowled and pushed Mike, his shoulders tensing up.

“I do not!” He growled, his words doing nothing to curb the smile on his friend’s face. Dustin was starting to flush, even though Mike had barely even said anything on this topic.

“You so do!” Mike cheered, throwing an arm around Dustin. “I see it in your eyes, especially when you two fight.” He winked, and Dustin sighed, scrunching up his nose and looking pointedly at Mike. Mike just grinned and pulled him closer.

“I already told you, I so do not!” He pushed Mike away, and scowled, his cheeks now flaming red. The cap he had adjusted was slipping off of his curls again and he looked pretty annoyed.

The look went right over Mike’s head as he went back to poke and tease his friend.

“Come on Dustin! You like Lucas!” He batted his eyelashes as he said it, not noticing how Dustin’s fists were starting to clench. “You soooo do!” Mike finished with an obnoxious kissy face, and Dustin wondered if this was how the other boy had felt when Lucas had teased him about maybe liking El.

“Come on man! I just said I do not!” This time when Dustin pushed Mike away the boy stumbled and fell onto the floor of the classroom that they had decided to hang out in. Mike’s mouth opened in surprise and his brows furrowed, finally realizing that he had been going too far.

Dustin’s shoulders tensed, and he took a deep breath before offering his hand to the boy on the ground and pulling him up. When Mike pulled his hand away, Dustin kept his there, much to Mike’s confusion.

“I drew first blood.” He explained, shoulders still hunched as Mike

quickly shook his hand. Dustin was quick to make peace, and Mike never wanted to find out a time when Dustin wouldn't immediately go for a handshake.

"I'm sorry man." Mike said, watching Dustin's ace for a sign that the boy registered his words. "Dude, Dustin, I'm sorry." The boy in question's face softened and he looked at Mike and smiled.

"It's ok, I shouldn't have been so defensive and quick to fight." Dustin said, trying without fully saying it to express that he wanted a bit more of an apology from Mike as well. "I guess I should be practicing my pacifist ways instead of going all Lucas on shit."

Mike laughed and he smiled fondly at his friend. The two sat down on the linoleum floor, backs against the classroom wall. The classroom wasn't very familiar, probably because the two had picked the classroom closest to the auditorium where Will and Lucas were, doing some therapy or shit.

"You know," Mike started, looking down at the ground, "I was just pushing because I thought you might be like me." Dustin looked at him quizzically, nonverbally expressing his confusion at the other boy's statement.

Mike sighed and his hands started to move, a habit he got where he spoke with his hands when he was frustrated.

"Like me, someone who likes boys as well as girls." Mike frowned a bit, before adding. "Or just someone who likes boys."

Dustin's eyes widened and he let out a soft "Oh."

"Yeah." Mike said, his body seeming to turn in on himself.

"Don't you think if you want to find someone 'like you' you should go to Will?" Dustin asked Mike. The other boy's ears went bright red at the tips when Dustin made that comment.

"I can't!" Mike exclaimed, making Dustin snort. All the kids knew Will was gay, it wasn't that hard to tell, especially for his close friends.

“Why can’t you smartass?” Dustin asked, sitting forward so his knees were where his elbows rested. Mike went even more red, attempting to half cover his face with his hands as he let out a long breath.

“I like Will.” He stated, making Dustin perk up in surprise.

“So let me guess, you can’t go to him because you’re worried if you come out or something you’ll confess that you’re going sappy for him.” Mike nodded, Dustin was spot on in his theory. Dustin was usually spot on in his theories.

“You’re spot on Dustin, are you sure you’re not in my same boat?” Mike teased, carefully breaching the subject of Dustin’s feelings yet again. Dustin looked at the boy and sighed, letting himself open up a bit.

“I’m not in the same boat. But I’m damn well in a boat.” He said, taking off his cap so he could run his hands through the weird masses of curls on his head. “I don’t know Mike.” He sighed.

“I guess I like Lucas, you weren’t just grasping at strings earlier I know I definitely do. But the question is why? And what to do about liking my black best friend in a tiny town.” Dustin was looking over to Mike every now and then, being reassured when he saw one of his best friends watching him and fully listening to what he was saying.

“I get you Dustin.” Mike said simply, letting the silence give Dustin another option to speak, which the boy opted out of. He instead sat quietly, and let the new information breathe.

“Besides man, I knew I wasn’t just grasping at strings! Like I said I can see the tension of some sorts when you two go rolling on the ground fighting.” Mike said, smiling at Dustin. Dustin wrinkled his nose but smiled widely nonetheless, his gap showing.

“Gross Mike!” He exclaimed, pushing the boy who was now giggling.

“Come on, I just said tension you’re the one who made it like that!” Mike [oked Dustin in his sides, making the boy cripple over with laughter. It was a little known fact that Dustin had been ticklish since he was born and would lose it at the slightest poke.

“Like what?” Lucas asked, opening up the door suddenly, Will behind him. Dustin sat up suddenly, and Mike retracted his hands from his friend’s stomach. Both the boys flushed a bit, and Lucas just raised an eyebrow.

“Like nothing, don’t worry Lucas, Mike was just being a gross little boy as usual.” Dustin said, snickering at the indignant look on Mike’s face. The two got up and scrambled to get to the door, Lucas threatening to close it and leave the two in the room.

They caught up to their friends and took their rightful places, all four boys walking out of the school building into the nighttime suburbia of Hawkins.

### **Author's Note:**

baby boys, babies,, there might be more to this??  
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